

DOES NOT PAY TO DRINK

DEATH RATE LOWER AMONG MEN WHO ARE ABSTAINERS.

Appleton's Magazine contains an article by George C. Lawrence, discussing the prohibition question from an economic standpoint. He began his article with a reference to a notable dinner which was given twenty-two years ago to a famous physician. There were nineteen guests, all of whom applied themselves assiduously to the rare wines placed before them. The host, meanwhile, sat at the head of the table nibbling dry toast and sipping mineral water. "Isn't that pathetic?" said one of the guests to the famous physician. "Yes," was the cynical reply, as the medical man raised his glass of wine in mid-air. "Nineteen fools and one wise man."

It appears that nineteen years later the twelve survivors of this gathering met at another dinner. Ten out of the twelve drank mineral water. For reasons of health or of business they had become convinced that liquor drinking did not pay. In that incident, Mr. Lawrence thinks, is to be found the true explanation of the present widespread legislation against liquor-selling. "Look around among your friends and associates in business," he says, "the men you know and meet, and note the change within your own recollection." In the army at the close of the Civil War practically every officer drank; "today one-third are total abstainers, and drunkenness costs a man his commission." Steadily man has been forced to the conclusion that it does not pay to drink; that, indeed, it pays not to drink; that he cannot because the business world is so set against it, afford to drink. Viewed from a purely business and economic standpoint, the drink habit, more surely than ever before in the history of the world, leads to failure.

The American Review of Reviews quotes from Mr. Lawrence some very remarkable figures prepared by the eminent English actuary, Sir Victor Horsley. Where the average mortality among adult males of all classes is 1,000, that of saloon-keepers is represented by 1,642, and of total abstainers by 560. Out of 100,000 inhabitants at thirty years of age, only 44,000 ordinary persons reach the age of seventy years, whereas 55,000 abstainers do so. Consequently, reckoning the population of the British Isles at 44,000,000, it is evident that if they were all abstainers the kingdom would be the gainer every year by more than 4,000,000 work-years; and, figuring the average annual earning capacity at \$500, temperance, if adopted in England, for economic reasons, would increase the labor output by \$2,200,000,000 annually.

Of course Sir Victor Horsley, up to the time of this writing, had not seen the fantastic Mayor of beer-soaked Milwaukee, or dreamed that such figures as his could be made.

"In the United States, according to life insurance tables," says the Review of Reviews, "the percentage of the actual death loss to the expected loss was; among abstainers, 78 to 100; among non-abstainers, 96 to 100. The increase in mortality among the Indians, when alcoholic liquors were sold to them, is a matter of common knowledge.

"The economic waste of alcohol is recognized by many classes of professional men. Lawyers are no longer drinking men, as many of them were in the days of Aaron Burr and Daniel Webster. Fifty years ago many a doctor steadied his nerves for an operation with whiskey. Today few, if any, do so. Why? Simply because it doesn't pay. With the workingman the question is still more vital. Figures show that he, too, is decreasing his consumption of drink. He has found that alcohol is not the right kind of fuel for the human machine, and that, therefore, it is an economic waste to use it. In many cases the use of intoxicants while on duty is prohibited. Some firms require their employees to sign a pledge.

"The higher one goes in the social scale the more general is the acceptance of the fact that the use of liquor is economically wrong for the individual; and the same economic law applies to groups of individuals, the towns and cities. This is the explanation of the national spread of prohibition, which has made 55 per cent of the country, with 33,000,000 inhabitants, 'dry territory.'"

The May St. Nicholas.

The May St. Nicholas brings the first chapters of an important new serial feature, for the older girls and boys, in Charles H. Caffin's "The Story of Dutch Painting." The author explains that the tale of how the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century developed a new school of painting is a part of the story of the lives and fortunes of the Dutch people, and so the story begins with a brief description of the struggle by which the separate provinces became united into a single nation, and of how during the strug-

gle by which the separate provinces became united the people also found time to advance themselves in the arts of peace, including that of painting. Later chapters will tell what the principal artists accomplished in portraiture, in landscape, and in the representation of the indoor and outdoor life of the people, and will aim to make the narrative of Dutch painting illustrate some principles that may be of use in the study of painting generally. Reproductions of famous paintings by representative artists add to the value and interest of "the story."

Day Allen Willey treats of a matter of wide and growing interest in his account of "Public Playgrounds," all about what is being done and planned by that splendid organization, the Playground Association of America, which has for the reason of its existence.

The greatest need of American city life today is some common meeting ground for the people where business may be forgotten and friendships formed. The playground is already the gathering place for the children, and it is coming to be so more and more for grown-ups. In many places entertainments and fairs of one kind or another have been held on the playgrounds, and there is an increasing tendency for mothers especially to bring their small children and to visit each other.

DELIGHT IN GOD.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

[Francis Quarles was born in 1592, and died in 1644. He was a graduate of the University of Cambridge, and secretary to Archbishop Usher in Ireland. On the outbreak of the civil war he joined the royalists.]

I love, and have some cause to love,
The earth.
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonic notes delight me;
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea, she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of ocean, when compared with Thee
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without Thy presence heaven's no heaven to me.

Without Thy presence earth gives no reflection;
Without Thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence air's rank infection;
Without Thy presence heaven's itself no pleasure;
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects for too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
The loudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence wealth in bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness;
Friendship is treason and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things and not Thee,

what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee!

HEROES OF FAILURE.

You have sung of the souls who succeeded, your captains and rulers of men;
You have honored your poets and artists, your wizards with canvas and pen;
But never have you remembered, as all their achievements you hailed,
The many who perished in darkness—and thought of the souls who failed.

Therefore, to the hearts who suffered disaster and wreck-strewn shoal,
To the souls who struggled vainly to gain the empyreal goal,
To the hopes and ambitions that perished in pitiless quicksands' confine,
To the nameless Heroes of Failure, I offer this goblet of wine.

I drink to the souls who were loyal to the fame that burned in their breast;
Who never relinquished their birth-right at need's or oppression's behest,
But died—with the smile of a stoic concealing their breaking hearts,
Disdaining the blasts of derision and scorn's adversity's darts.

You have sung of the souls who succeeded, your lords of the laureate crown,
With never a note of remembrance to the captains of craft that went down;
But now, to the Heroes of Failure, who never surrendered nor quailed,
I offer this silent goblet to the Un-sung souls—who have failed.
—Edwin Nelson.

May Prove Dear Liquor.

(Sanford Express.)

We are informed that the railroad detectives who have been making an investigation to find out who carried liquor away from the wreck on the Seaboard near Colon, on Saturday, the 13th, have secured a list of names of some of the guilty parties. It is said that upon making a search they found 15 gallons of liquor in one man's house. Should these parties be hauled up in court for this thing it may prove pretty dear liquor to them. The Southern Express Company will be pretty apt to make it interesting for them.

The New Tariff.

Some fifty millions more, by gull,
Thus added to our pile,
Which you'll admit's a tidy sum,
But what just makes us smile—

The same wry smile we've smiled before,
Our pleasure nothing lacks—
Is that the foreigner's not sure
To have to pay this tax.
—Indianapolis News.

College Foolishness Barred.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

"John," said the farmer, "I've given you the best education the college had in the shop."
"Yes, sir."
"Never stood back fer expense?"
"Never."
"You speak six languages?"
"Perfectly."
"So fur, so good. Now listen: Don't swear at the mule in Greek; don't use no Latin terms to him, an' fling no French his way. Use the Georgy dialect that you an' the mule was raised to; it's my opinion that the mule won't stand no college foolishness!"

TARIFF INTRICACIES.

A tariff is a simple thing;
It seems surpassing queer
That men so many words should bring
To something that is clear.
In tariff I'm engaged, you see,
And doing very well.
Let all things be entirely free
Save those I have to sell.

Or take it 'round the other way
And view both sides with care,
That none may have a chance to say
That I have been unfair,
If broadcast duties you impose,
Just be discreet and try
To tax all articles save those
That I'm compelled to buy.
—Washington Evening Star.

Conundrum.

Freshman—Who is the smallest man mentioned in history?
Sophomore—I give up.
Freshman—Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch.—University of Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The things that a woman can't believe are only those that she doesn't want to.

CONFEDERATE RE-UNION

VETERANS GETTING READY FOR MEETING IN MEMPHIS IN JUNE.

Maj. Henry A. London, of Pittsboro, was in Raleigh yesterday. His many friends throughout the State will be glad to learn that he is out again after his recent illness and that he is improving day by day.

Major London says that there is expected a great attendance in Memphis at the Confederate Reunion to be held there on the 8th, 9th and 10th of June. It will be an enthusiastic gathering of the men who in grey fought battles that astonished the world, and North Carolina will have a fine representation at it.

Major London wishes that all Camps of Confederate Veterans in North Carolina be urged to pay up their dues and that remittances be sent at once to Gen. W. E. Mickle, New Orleans, for unless the dues are paid the camps in arrears will not be entitled to representation. This is an important matter to which immediate attention should be given.

Memphis will give the glad hand to all the Confederate veterans, and the meeting there this year is expected to be a most notable one. There will be veterans present from all sections of the South and the outlook is for one of the very greatest meetings yet held. Later on full announcements will be made of the special feature which are to make the meeting one of the greatest interest.

FENCE RAIL PHILOSOPHY.

In planning our work it is well to plan for profits as well as for yield. The yield is not all. We will need to seek weak places in the fields and replenish with loads of manure, and then we will not need to read, study, observe and practice.

Rust is the great enemy of steel and iron, and yet it does not eat up as much of the farm implements as it did prior to the introduction of axle grease. Axle grease is the panacea for rust and is an ever-present help. All it needs is some one to make the application. Rust eats like a mortgage, which has an appetite like a buzz saw.

GOSLOW ON SQUABS.

There is a great deal of exaggeration in regard to the squab business. Many dealers do not put out actual mated pairs, but sell, as near as they can determine, an equal number of males and females. The determination of sex in pigeons is most difficult, and often a large number of one sex is received, making much trouble later on for the beginner. This is why a beginner in buying stock does not get birds which start to breed at once, but must wait months before they mate and breed.

Start with a few mated pairs and raise and mate your own breeders; or, if buying on a large scale, as your birds mate up, watch them and remove to a permanent breeding place. It requires patience and lots of experience to succeed commercially. Give your birds plenty of fresh pure water for drinking and bathing, the best quality of grains and liberal supplies of grit and salt. A beginner should always consult some practical squab raiser before investing money.

SPRING BERRY NOTES.

Don't turn the chickens upon the strawberry bed to get what they can of green food, exercise and larva. It is much cheaper to buy them proper food than to let them damage the strawberry plants.

Don't uncover the crowns too soon. Wait for settled weather.

Don't rake off the winter mulch. Work it into the soil.

Don't put the new bed on sod land. The white grub is death to strawberry plants.

Don't stint the manure when making a new bed. If you have none use some of the commercial fertilizers, as the strawberry is a great feeder.

Don't wait until May or June to set your plants. Do it just as soon as you can get the ground in good tilth.

Don't plant about twice as many as you can tend properly.

Don't plant only one kind. Remember strawberries are either staminate or pistillate, and it is always best to plant two rows of one variety, and then two rows of another.

Don't plant any old sort, but get sorts suitable to your soil and climate.

Its a Top Notch Doer.

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs, and colds and la grippe vanish. It heals cough-racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. George Moore, Black Jack, N. C., writes: "It cured me of lung trouble, pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c., \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.